**A Collection of Dorky Shorts**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5114522.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | F/F |
| Fandom: | Kill la Kill |
| Relationship: | Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko |
| Characters: | Kiryuuin Satsuki, Matoi Ryuuko, Mankanshoku Mako, Jakuzure Nonon, Gamagoori Ira, Sanageyama Uzu |
| Additional Tags: | Implied Sexual Content, Implied sexy times, Fluff, Satsuki is a huge dork, Ryuko is an adorable nerd, Shorts, collection of shorts |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2015-10-31 Words: 2,380 Chapters: 8/8 |

# A Collection of Dorky Shorts

by Redacted_username

Summary

a bunch of shorts about my favorite dorks being dorks

# Smooth Lines

Ryuko yawned lazily and stretched as she woke from an afternoon nap. The scent of sun soaked nature almost put her back to sleep, but the sound of her name floating up from the ground piqued her attention. She laid flat, stomach pressed against the rough bark of the tree branch she had been dozing on and watched as Satsuki continued looking for her. The scowl on her face made Ryuko grin like a Cheshire before she rolled off the branch.

Try as she might, Satsuki just couldn't stay mad at Ryuko for any longer than a split second. She looked into the grinning face of the woman who had landed on top of her.

"Did it hurt?" Satsuki asked and Ryuko rolled her eyes, knowing what was coming next.

"When you fell from Hea-mmm" Ryuko silenced Satsuki with a forceful kiss.

"You fight better than you flirt Sats."

*****

It wasn't unusual that the two of them exited the bedroom together in the morning. What was unusual was that Satsuki was following Ryuko out of the bedroom. They made their way to the kitchen and Satsuki shadowed Ryuko as she made her breakfast.

Satsuki followed Ryuko into the shower, into the living room, then an hour later, she followed Ryuko back into the bedroom as she changed to get ready to meet Mako for drinks. Just as she was about to exit the bedroom, Ryuko turned quickly to Satsuki.

"What is this? Are we playing final fantasy or something?" Satsuki looked Ryuko dead in the eyes and flatly asked,

"Do you live in a cornfield?"

"Oh no. Don't you do it. I swear to-"

"Cause I'm *stalking* you." Satsuki snickered as Ryuko rolled her eyes.

"I'll give you props for the dedication Sats, but you pick odd things."

*****

Ryuko was playing video games when Satsuki returned from her doctors appointment. It was just a yearly check up, nothing major, but Satsuki just sat quietly next to Ryuko.

"So, how'd it go? Healthy as a horse right?" Ryuko asked, not even looking away from her game.

"Almost..." Satsuki didn't elaborate.

"Well? What is it?"

"The doctor says I'm lacking...*vitamin U*," Satsuki responded and snickered when Ryuko finally turned to stare at her, slack jawed and incredulous. She stared for so long that her character was killed by an enemy.

"Why?" Ryuko asked and Satsuki shrugged.

*****

Ryuko was watching TV when Satsuki emerged from the bedroom with her school bag. She sat gracefully next to Ryuko and began rummaging through the bag. She pulled every book out and began searching the inner pockets. Ryuko glanced over, noticing the odd behavior, she told herself not to take the bait.

Satsuki sighed heavily as she rather theatrically began digging through the side pockets. Ryuko regretted the question the second she asked.

"What are you looking for?" Satsuki looked her dead in the eyes, a completely seriously look on her face, and Ryuko knew she had fallen for it again.

"My library card...*so I can check you out*." As always, Satsuki snickered.

"You are aware that we're already dating, right?"

"I lost my teddy bear...*can I sleep with you*?"

Ryuko blinked at Satsuki for a minute before tackling her on the couch.

That was the last time Satsuki used a cheesy pick up line.

# What a Difference a Shirt Makes

Every drawer was opened and empty of its contents. The content in question was clothing, Satsuki's clothing to be exact. She was going through all of it, piece by piece, trying to find a specific shirt. An over large t-shirt she had bought from the college store for nights of studying.

She meticulously examined each article before replacing it in its proper drawer. When she finished for the third time, she turned her attention to the closet. Ryuko rarely did their laundry, but there was a slight chance she had placed the shirt in the closet. After two inspections of the closet, she went to inspect Ryuko's drawers. Coming up empty handed again, Satsuki angrily strode into the living room to ask Ryuko where the shirt was.

There on the couch, snoring and drooling, was Ryuko, wearing Satsuki's shirt. It was already big on Satsuki and Ryuko looked to be practically swimming in it. With a huff, Satsuki rolled Ryuko off the couch and onto the floor with a great ***thud***.

"Oi! What's the big deal Sats?" Ryuko was rubbing the shoulder she'd landed on and Satsuki pulled her shirt off of Ryuko.

"That is mine! You know I wear it when I study!" Satsuki turned on the spot and retreated back to the bedroom to change.

Thunderous footsteps echoed down the hallway, and before Satsuki could pull the shirt over her head, Ryuko tackled her onto the bed. The shirt, along with the remaining articles of clothing they had been wearing ended up strewn about the room.

"There, now nobody's wearing anything," Ryuko teased as she curled up under Satsuki's chin.

"I still have to study," Satsuki said dryly but with an edge of playfulness.

"God, how can you just get up and go do things after?" Ryuko yawned as Satsuki finally pulled the shirt over her head. She opened her mouth to say something in retort, but Ryuko was already fast asleep again. She smiled softly and brought her books into bed.

# Spin The Bottle

"Awwwww come on Satsuki-Chan! It'll be so much fun!!" Mako was bouncing up and down with excitement. Satsuki surveyed the room.

Why she had agreed to attend this sleep over party was beyond her, but she would be lying if she said Ryuko had nothing to do with it. It was the way Nonon eagerly awaited her answer and the way Ryuko glared at Nonon that Satsuki hesitated.

"I have no interest in such childish folly," but Satsuki's attempt to get out of joining the game was thwarted. Mako dragged her to the circle of friends and sat her down.

Nonon, a little too eagerly, spun the bottle first. As fate would have it, the slender neck pointed directly to Satsuki. She looked directly across at Ryuko, a silent warning glance.

Nobody could have reacted fast enough to stop what happened next. Ryuko launched herself at Nonon the second the tiny pink haired musician made a move towards Satsuki. It took Gamagori, Sanageyama, and Mako to break up the scuffle.

"Woah! A little protective of Nee-San?" Mako asked and Ryuko turned three shades of red before spluttering,

"Y-yeah. P-protective."

Not at all jealous...

# Sexual Tension

As boring as the parties were, they were a necessity for Satsuki. As much as Ryuko hated going to them, she'd be damned if she was going to leave Satsuki alone at a party looking as good as she always did. Being a Kiryuin came with a lot of benefits, but unfortunately it also had a few drawbacks.

Ryuko was skulking in a corner sipping overpriced champagne. It was only then she realized that she had lost sight of Satsuki. She scanned the room and when she couldn't find her quarry, she huffed before entering the throng of party goers.

Sticking out like a sore thumb amid the elegant top tier of high society, Ryuko had to keep herself from angrily chiding people for staring. It was to be expected, she was the only woman in a three piece suit and bow tie. She stalked through the crowd, fully aware of the fact that, in spite of her refined clothing, her aura betrayed her delinquent nature. A vagabond on a mission.

A cocktail waiter offered her another glass of champagne as she passed and she took it roughly. Stopping to take a long gulp, she felt a familiar presence behind her.

"You look so good when you're so determined. If it weren't for all these people, I'd let you fuck me so hard right here," Satsuki growled.

Ryuko choked on her drink and coughed loudly to clear her airway. Satsuki smirked seeing the desired effect achieved. She would continue to wind Ryuko up tight and let her snap as soon as they got home. It was the only real benefit of these stupid parties.

# Hatefuck

"It's not my fault you have ridiculous expectations! You're a fucking perfectionist!" Ryuko yelled from one end of the living room. They were fighting again, and honestly, neither one of them could remember what started it at this point.

"At least I have expectations!" Satsuki yelled back from the other side of the living room. "You lack any sort of ambition or resol-"

"DON'T YOU DARE PULL THAT FUCKING SHIT KIRYUIN!"

"DON'T INTERRUPT ME MATOI!"

"Oh, I beg you pardon *your highness*." As Ryuko mock curtsied, Satsuki lunged, pinning Ryuko to the wall. Teeth ground and growling, Ryuko struggled against the iron grip around her throat. Anger gave way to the arousal that had been building in both of them as they yelled at each other and Ryuko's hand flew up Satsuki's skirt. They both gasped as Ryuko wasted no time and Satsuki let the hand around Ryuko's neck fall.

They laid on the floor, sweating and panting.

"I know what you're doing," Satsuki said as she fixed Ryuko with a knowing glare. Ryuko sat up and ran a hand through her hair.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

# It Was a Dark and Stormy Night

Ryuko was startled out of her slumber by a deafening thunderclap. It took her a moment to register her surroundings.

*Crap. I fell asleep on the couch again. Sats is gonna be pissed.*

She sat up and checked the time. 3:45am. A brilliant flash of lighting lit up the room. The equally impressive thunderclap that followed was not what startled Ryuko.

"**EEEEEP**!"

The pathetic noise coming from the bedroom caused Ryuko to jump swiftly to her feet, braced as if to fight off an intruder. She quietly crept down the hall towards the bedroom, and as she reached the open door, another brilliant flash etched the quicksilver image on her retinas.

"Sats?"

Satsuki was curled into the tightest ball she could manage, visibly shaking. As the thunder rolled through the space, Satsuki gave out another squeak.

"Ryuko?" Her voice shook with fear and Ryuko couldn't help but laugh. As she shimmied her way under the covers, Satsuki clutched at any piece of her she could grab.

"Are you telling me the great Satsuki Kiryuin is afraid of thunder?" Ryuko did the best she could to gather the shaking Satsuki into her arms, but this was difficult when Satsuki had latched onto her wrist and leg and refused to let go. When another crack of thunder caused Satsuki to jump, Ryuko finally managed to get her in a more comforting hold.

"Shut up! And don't you dare tell anyone. I'll kill you."

# Handcuffed Together

"And you thought this would be a good idea because...?"

They were indeed in quite the predicament. Naked, spent from a good roll in the sheets, and handcuffed together.

"If I recall correctly, it was you who proposed the idea. It was also you who managed to lose the keys." Satsuki at least managed to pull out of Ryuko. The small gasp she let out made Satsuki reconsider, but perhaps after they had managed to separate.

"Well I could break out of them no problem, except you had to get real cuffs." Ryuko strained with her unnatural strength against the cuffs with no results.

"Please, like you'd be able to control yourself. Then you'd complain about that." Satsuki pulled Ryuko up with her as she attempted to stand. Recalling another instance that she had been restrained in a similar fashion, she slid off the bed and directed Ryuko to stand on the bed.

"Are you gonna try and throw me across the room?" Ryuko snorted, still unsure of Satsuki's plan.

"Shut up. Hold my hands up as far as you can and stay still. Just because you'll heal instantly doesn't mean your blood won't stain the sheets." Ryuko hoisted Satsuki a few inches off the ground. With a sharp intake of breath, Satsuki brought her foot straight up. Her false toenail cutting cleanly through the chains of the cuffs that bound their hands together. Ryuko yelped in surprise as her hands flew up over her head.

When they finally managed to find the keys that had fallen behind the headboard they freed themselves from the cuffs and fell lazily into bed.

# No Use Crying Over Spilled Lemons

Satsuki knew there was something wrong the second Ryuko walked in the door. She jumped up from her school work she had fanned out across the dining room table and held Ryuko at arms length. Ryuko had tears streaming down her face but was trying her best to stifle her quiet sobs.

"Who did this? I can make calls. I can freeze their bank accounts. I can have them evicted, expelled, fired, destroyed. I WILL NOT REST UNTIL WHOEVER DID THIS PAYS FOR THEIR CRIMES! TELL ME!" Satsuki was furious at the unknown assailant that had made her Ryuko so upset.

Ryuko finally lifted her eyes to Satsuki's as she held out her hands. There, resting in the palms of those outstretched hands, was a half eaten lemon, covered in sandy dirt.

"I dropped it!" Ryuko wailed as she cradled the dirty fruit. "It's my last one!" Satsuki stared in utter disbelief at the newly hysterical woman in front of her. She gently guided Ryuko to the dining room and sat her in a chair. She kissed the top of Ryuko's head as she gingerly took the soiled citrus. Ryuko cradled her head in her arms, continuing to cry as Satsuki washed the lemon.

She cut away and discarded the exposed meat of the fruit and pealed the rest of the rind. She knew that Ryuko usually ate the entirety of the lemon, but unfortunately it had been soiled and Satsuki would not allow Ryuko to eat food that had fallen on the ground. She gently pealed what was left of the wedges apart and returned to the table.

"Ryuko..." Satsuki softly pulled Ryuko's head up by her chin. She kissed her gently before inserting a wedge of the salvaged lemon into Ryuko's mouth.

Ryuko smiled as she chewed. Completely delighted to have her lemon and Satsuki, who was wiping away the last of her tears.

"That's better. No use crying over spilled lemons."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!